

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10
APRIL

LN

10¢



10¢

MAD



...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

-FROM
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

H. Kurtz &

YOU TOO CAN LEAP
AND FALL ACROSS THIS
COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN
YOU SEE **THE FACE UPON
THE FLOOR** IN THIS ISSUE
OF **MAD!**

PANIC MAGAZINE!

HECKING OR LOVING CUP

DALSY CUP

SAY, THIS GAL HAS GOT IT!

THE SECOND ISSUE OF PANIC!

R.U.

SIGMA NUER

WOTTA COVER!

BOY, I'D LIKE TO PORE OVER THIS ISSUE!

SO GO GET YOUR OWN COPY!

GEE!

I. TAPA KEGG

MINNY KUARTS

KA

62

CHUG-A-LUG...
CHUG-A-LUG...
CHUG-A-LUG...

NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY	ZONE	STATE

WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!...IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU REAL SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE GLAMORIZED WAR COMICS LIKE...



G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LISTEN! CANNON-FIRE UP FRONT!... SOUNDS OF BATTLE!... AND YOU KNOW THAT WHENEVER WE HEAR SOUNDS OF BATTLE, WE DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE!



SOUNDS OF BATTLE! OH JOY! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATTLE (SNIF)... TO DIE AND LEAVE EVERYTHING (SNIF) FOR A GOOD OL' BATTLE!

YEAH! WE DROP EVERYTHING FOR A GREAT OL' BLOODY BATTLE!

OH DRAT THE DAY I STARTED WORKING FOR COMIC BOOKS!



LOOK! IT'S AN ENEMY DIVISION ALL ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS ATTACKING IN A BANZAI CHARGE!... I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A SERIOUS ATTACK!

... IT'S NOT AS BAD AS I GUESSED!... TELL YOU WHAT!... YOU TAKE 'EM ON ALONE!... I'LL COME ALONG TO HOLD YOUR COAT!



G.I. SHMOE! EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU FIGHT WITH THE CLUBBED RIFLE! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUS TO USE FIRE POWER OF THIS MACHINE-GUN?

...AWWW! ALL I DO IS BASH 'EM WITH THE RIFLE-BUTT!



...YOU SEE, THIS MACHINE GUN HAS THE QUICK-LOADING FEATURE OF THIS AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED ACTION CLIP...

YOU'RE RIGHT!... I CAN READILY SEE HOW THAT AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP WOULD DEFINITELY HELP...



...WHEN I BASH 'EM WITH THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT!









O.K., SGT. SQUIRT! I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT'LL CHANGE THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE MERELY HALF A DIVISION ARMED ONLY WITH LIGHT WEAPONS TO GUARD US!

HEY WAIT A MINUTE, AMERICANS...



HOW COME WE KEEP FIRING AT YOU AMERICANS AND WE NEVER HIT!

...SURELY A **STRAY CHANCE, LUCKY** SHOT IS **BOUND** TO GET YOU!

AWWW... WE'RE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!



YAAAHOO! WATCH ME GO TO TOWN NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY FAVORITE WEAPON... A **RIFLE-BUTT!**



YAHOO! I BROKE RIFLE-BUTT TO SPLINTERS SO NOW I'LL HAVE TO USE THE NEXT BEST THING... A **CIGAR-BUTT!**



YAHOO!... WORE OUT THE CIGAR BUTT... BUT THERE'S PLENTY OTHER TYPE BUTTS I CAN STILL USE!



HOO BOY! ONLY ONE MORE ENEMY SOLDIER TO GIVE THE BUTT TO!

... HEY, SGT. SQUIRT! DIDJEYER MASH FLIES ON A SCREEN... **OW!**



G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! YOU ARE KILLING AN ENEMY WITH A CANNON! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR **FISTS!** I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR **GUN-BUTT!**

WELL... UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M NOT PROUD!







WESTERN DEPT.:... WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS!... TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS... FARMERS... WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES... PUTTING UP FENCES... PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUGGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF...



SANE!!



SEVERIN

HSST! LOOKIE!
... A STRANGER
RIDIN' INTO THIS
FURSHLUGGINER
MESS!

HE AIN'T
ONE OF US
CATTLEMEN!
HE MUST BE
A FARMER!
LEMME GUN
HIM!

... WAIT!
THAR'S SOME-
THING MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT
THE WAY HE RIDES!
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT
MUH FINGER ON IT,
BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE!...
LET'S TELL THE BOSS!



PAN! PAN!

THAR'S A STRANGER
COMIN'!... THAR'S SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE
WAY HE RIDES!... CAN'T EXACTLY
PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT
THAR'S SOMETHIN' **MIGHTY**
STRANGE!



... **STRANGER HALT... ONE, TWO!**
... STRANGER! THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY
STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY YOU RIDE!
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON
IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' **MIGHTY**
STRANGE! YOU'RE PROBABLY
WORKING FOR THE CATTLEMEN
SO **GIT OFFEN MY FARM!**

HOL' ON,
BWAH!
... REASON I
RIDES THIS
WAY IS SO'S
NOBODY CAN
GUN ME IN
THE BACK...















OOP! PULLED GUN TOO HARD!



HAH! NOW! ...OOP! WRONG END!



HAH! NOW LEMME FIND TRIGGER!



OOP! DROPPED IT!



WILSON! ...THAT'S ALL!

GOL-DURN IT! SANE BEAT 'IM TO THE DRAW!

... AND NOW, WITH THE DEATH OF WILSON... THAT'S ALL FOR US CATTLEMEN, FOR WILSON SYMBOLIZED US BADMEN WITH THE DEFEAT OF HIM, THE FARMERS WILL LIVE UNMOLESTED BY US AND THIS STORY ENDS HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

SCRIPT



SANE! SANE!

I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, SANE! I KNEW YOU WERE A GUNFIGHTER!... YOU'RE NOT GOING ARE YOU SANE?... PLEASE SANE... GET OFFEN THE SADDLE, SANE! SA SIN SANE SITTING INNA SADDLE, SANE... SO SOON SLEAVIN SANE!

... I GOTTA GO NOW JOEY BOY! ... IN LEAVIN' I CAN ONLY THINK OF THESE TENDER WORDS, BOY, WHICH ARE... **KEEP YER COTTEN-PICKIN' HANDS OFFEN ME!**

NNNGH

I CAN'T PULL YOU DOWN, SANE! IT'S AS IF YOU'RE GLUED TO THE SADDLE!



SANE! COME YE BACK! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY!

...THAR HE GOES... A-RIDIN' OFF INTO THE SUNSET!... LOOK! HE MUST'VE BEEN HIT IN THE GUNPLAY... THE WAY HIS LEFT ARM'S A-HANGING AS IFEN GLUED TO HIS SIDE!

באקסס \$100
אויסשטויבען
נעכרוינס עס



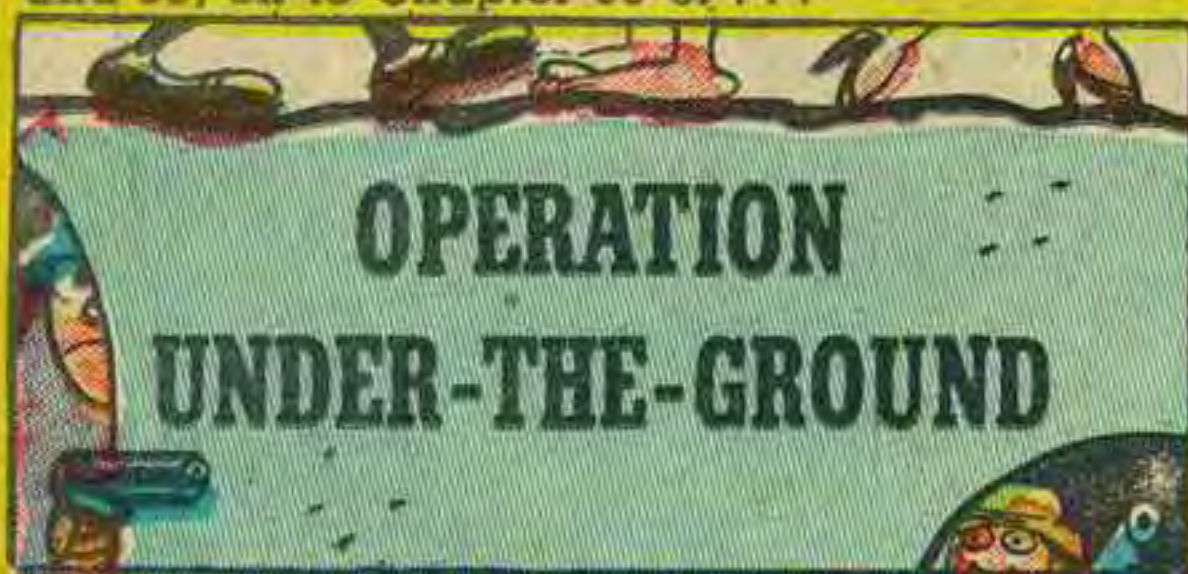
...AND WELL I MIGHT BE GLUED TO THE SADDLE WITH MY ARM GLUED TO MY SIDE!

...THAT IS WHY I MUST GO RIDING INTO THE SUNSET!... I CANNOT DESTROY THE DELIGHTFUL ILLUSIONS OF A LITTLE STARRY-EYED BOY... ESPECIALLY **THAT** LITTLE PEST! I CANNOT LET HIM KNOW THAT THE REASON I WAS FASTEST ON THE DRAW WAS THAT I SECRETLY PUT GLUE IN THE OIL-CAN THAT WAS USED TO OIL THE GUN OF WILSON... THAT'S ALL!... GOL-DURNED GLUE'S LEAKED ON **EVERYTHING!**

SANE! COME BACK! HERE'S ANOTHER POP-BOTTLE! COME BACK!

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter *THIRTY-FIVE* in the fantastic adventures of *SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!*

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .



Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jones's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber," says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of *OPERATION UNDER GROUND*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

Ettore De-Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____
STATE _____

MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account.—Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, *Mad* goes monthly.—ed.

... I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./M.F.T.

... I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letztem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinehund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

... I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most gliesmuuk, the most raveningly lz-chaa, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Talipida—Woolworth, Tenn.

... Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lingle E.M.F.N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as *Petrzbie*.—ed.

... **GRIPE DEPARTMENT:** I've got glubbins of the glibbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtodo? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was *Mad*! My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and this one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

... Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law!—Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

... How about a biog on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.—ed.

Before going into the commercials ... be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954 ... and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture ... and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspenStories* (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag ... one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 10
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)...AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR...THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'ARCY

'T WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there.
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.



"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work —

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought hed struck
the proper place.



"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so
good a crowd —
To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud.



"Give me a drink — that's what I want — I'm out of
funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand
was never slow.



"What? You laugh as though you thought this
pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of
you.

"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you
one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make
another call



"Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing
days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my
lungs are going fast.



"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell
what I'll do —
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise
too."

"That I was ever a decent man not one of you
would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give
me another drink."



"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my
frame —
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably
tame;

"Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and
corking whisky, too.
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best
regards to you."



"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to
tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you
now."

"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle,
frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made
considerable wealth."



"I was a painter – not one that daubed on bricks
and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding
fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.



"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called
the 'Chase of Fame';
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and
added to my name.



"And then I met a woman – now comes the
funny part –
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk
into my heart.



"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love
for me;



"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her
smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it
carried me to heaven.



"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul
you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to
live;



"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and
a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another
half so fair.



"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon
in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who
lived across the way,



"And Madeline admired it, and much to my
surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that
had such dreamy eyes.



"It didn't take long to know him, and before
the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I
was left alone;

"And, ere a year of misery had passed above
my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never
saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all
the while."



"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop
in your eye,
Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women
that should cry."



"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky,
I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face
that drove me mad."



"Give me that piece of chalk with which you
mark the baseball score —
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the
barroom floor."



Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the
vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul
of any man."



Then, as he placed another lock upon the
shapely head,
With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell
across the picture — dead."

HEROINE WORSHIP DEPT.: THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS... RUNS AROUND IN VERY TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS!... SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY?... DON'T GO 'WAY, BOYS, CAUSE THIS CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A WOMAN! AND WE CALL HER THE...

WOMAN WONDER!



DIANA BANANA, WHO IS IN REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER, AND STEVE ADORE, BOTH U.S. ARMY OFFICERS, SIT IN THE MOONLIGHT...





YUH YUH!
...INSIDE YOUR PLANE!

YUH YUH!...
INSIDE YOUR
PRIVATE **TRANS-
PARENT** GLASS
ROBOT-PLANE!
...YUH YUH!

WITH ME...AND ONE
THING YOU SHOULD
REMEMBER... YOU
**SHOULDN'T SLAM
THE DOOR!**

... HMM! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO THINK OF!

YUH YUH!

A woman with dark, curly hair and a surprised expression is seated in the driver's seat of a car. She is wearing a blue and white striped swimsuit top and a colorful, star-patterned skirt. A small, brown, furry animal is perched on the dashboard in front of her. To her left, a yellow thermos sits on the floor. The car's interior is visible, including the steering wheel and dashboard. The background shows a stylized, abstract landscape with a large, curved structure and a row of small, dark, rectangular objects hanging from the ceiling.





BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!



...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES... PARALYZING CROOKS... MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!



YUH YUH! ONCE I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!

YUH YUH! DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW...

HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?... TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME?... SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?



...AWW NUTS!

...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA... I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!



BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT... MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED... PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOOING!



HAHAHA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO! **NOTHING** CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!

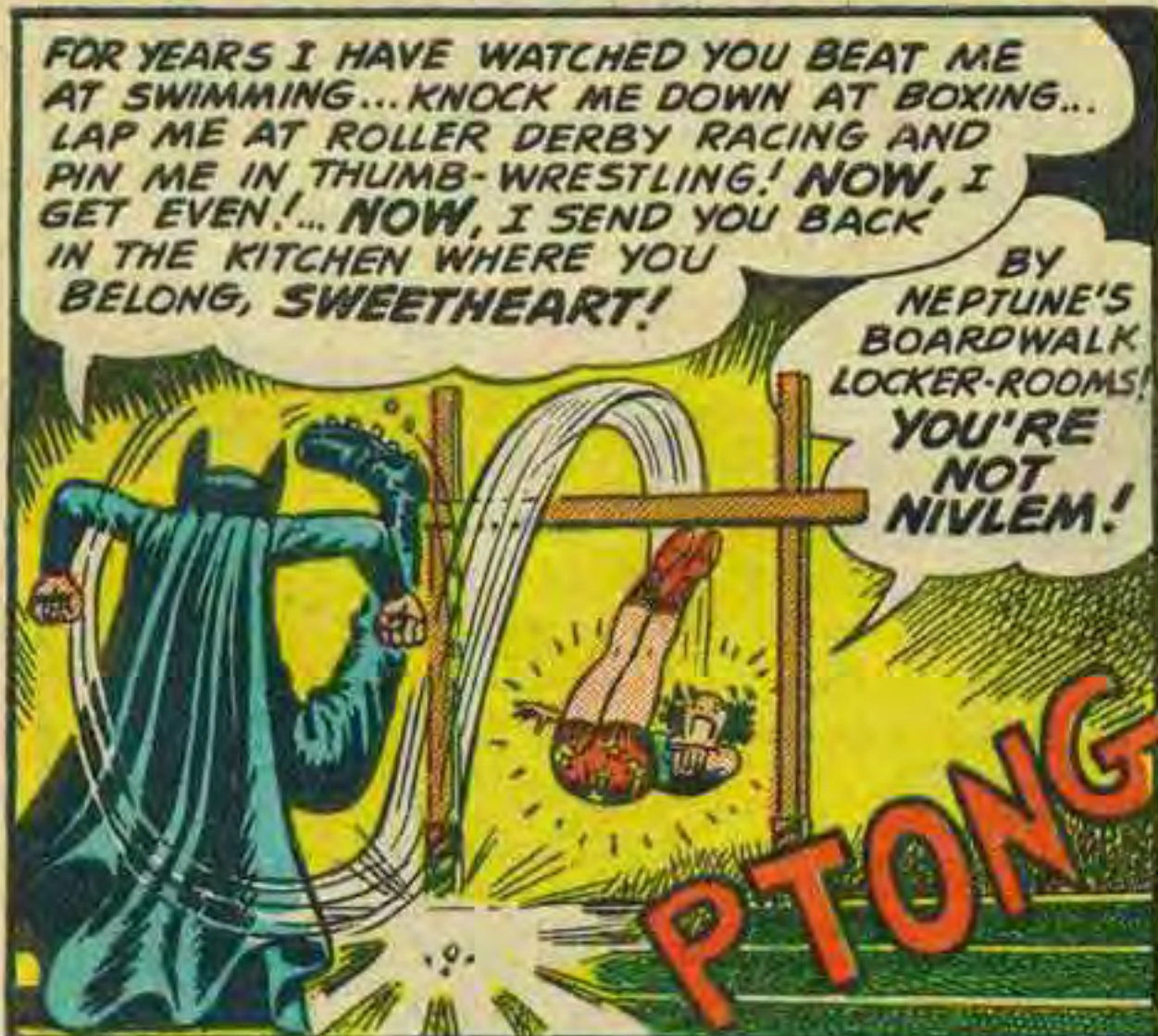


I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!

KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!





STEVE ADORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM... AND DIANA BANANA...ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!



AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!



EXTRA MONEY

FOR ALL THOSE "EXTRAS" YOU WANT!

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"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

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